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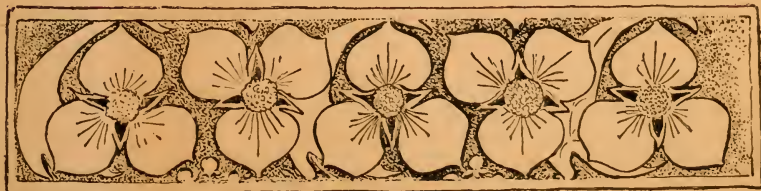
The Story of Iowa

By INEZ N. McFEE



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INSTRUCTOR LITERATURE SERIES

THE STORY OF IOWA

By Inez N. McFee



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Story of Iowa

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no 1

The Song of Iowa

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")

You ask what land I love the best, Iowa! 'tis Iowa
The fairest State of all the west, Iowa! O Iowa!
From yonder Mississippi's stream
To where Missouri's waters gleam,
O! fair it is as poet's dream, Iowa! in Iowa!

See yonder fields of tasseled corn, Iowa! in Iowa!
Where plenty fills her golden horn, Iowa! in Iowa!
See how her wondrous prairies shine
To yonder sunset's purpling line,
O happy land! O, land of mine, Iowa! O Iowa!

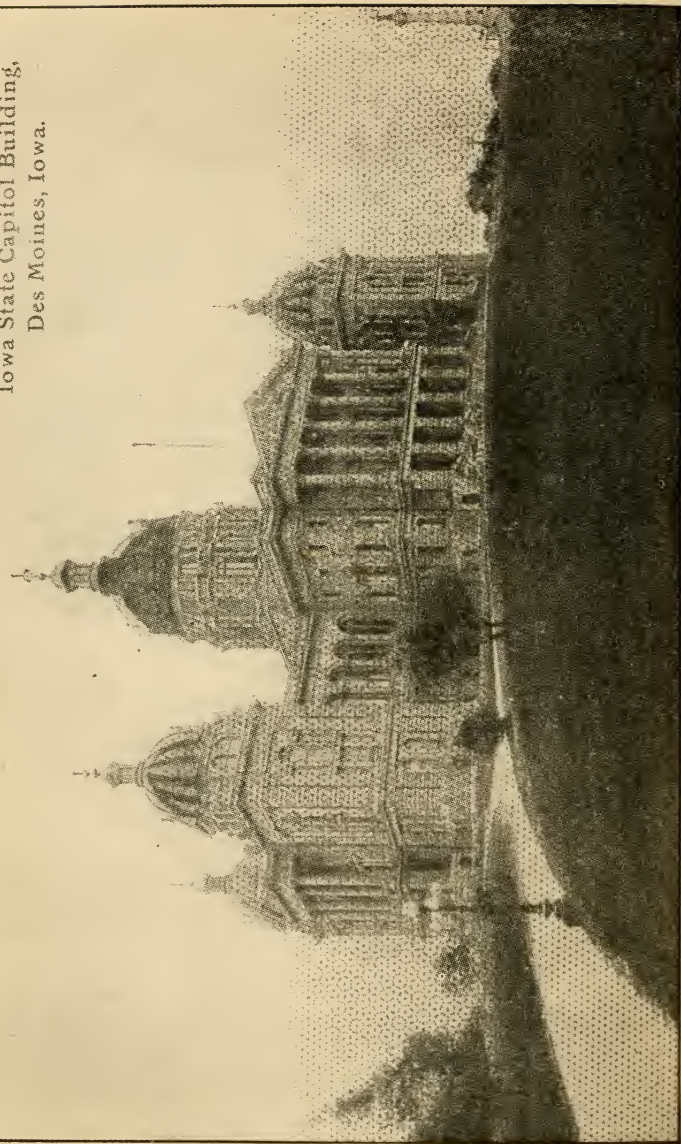
And she has maids whose laughing eyes, Iowa! O Iowa!
To him who loves were Paradise, Iowa! O Iowa!
O! happiest fate that e'er was known,
Such eyes to shine for one alone,
To call such beauty all his own, Iowa! O Iowa!

Go read the story of thy past, Iowa! O Iowa!
What glorious deeds, what fame thou hast, Iowa! O
Iowa!

So long as time's great cycle runs,
Or nation's weep their fallen ones,
Thou'lt not forget thy patriot sons, Iowa! O Iowa!

—S. H. M. Byers

Iowa State Capitol Building,
Des Moines, Iowa.



The Story of Iowa

EARLY HISTORY

The story of Iowa, "The Beautiful Land," is as interesting as a fairy tale. In the first place no man knows how old it is. Thousands of years ago the sea covered our beautiful state; then came what geologists term the glacial period, and for a long time she lay buried beneath a mass of ice. When both sea and ice were gone, strange plants and animals sprung up, and thrived in tropical splendor. For it was then very warm. Centuries passed and with them came many changes. Slowly hills and valleys, rivers and lakes, trees and plants, such as we see today, were fashioned by Nature and the hand of Time. The land was ready to become the home of man.

The first people were probably like the Eskimos of today. We know very little about them, save that they were "a race of short, stout, flat-featured men and women." After them came a people called the Mound Builders. Traces of them are found throughout the Mississippi Valley. You will read about them in history. They left their trail in many parts of Iowa, particularly along the Iowa and the Des Moines rivers. The mounds which they built are mostly on hilltops, or built up in the form of terraces. It is supposed that they were built for defense against the Indians, but no one really knows. Skeletons, stone weapons, pottery, and rude stone engravings are found in the mounds.

By and by the Algonquin Indians of the Atlantic Coast came westward. Iowa became one long battle ground between this tribe and the Dakotas who drifted east from

their stronghold in the Rockies. Between these two fierce bands the Mound Builders were either crushed or driven out. Some think they fled southward, and built new homes in Arizona and New Mexico. Anyhow they vanished, and the land was left in the hands of the Indians. The Dakotas or Sioux claimed what is now the northern part of the state, and the Algonquins or the Sacs and Foxes held the region from the mouth of the Upper Iowa into Missouri. They were bitter enemies, and each sought desperately to drive the other away. And no wonder, for Iowa was an ideal home for them. "On the hills and in the valleys were the deer; on the prairies the buffalo. The noble wild turkey dwelt in the woods, and the prairie chicken and ruffed grouse were on every side, in meadow and in thicket. The numerous lakes and streams furnished fish, and afforded passage for the bark canoes. The plum and grape were to be had for the picking. The hickory-nut and the hazel nut were plentiful, and maize waved in the field."*

America had been discovered almost two hundred years before a white man set foot in Iowa. In June, 1673, Father Marquette, a French Missionary, and a Canadian trader by the name of Joliet, with five companions whose names are not now known, sailed down the "Great Father of Waters," as the Indians called the Mississippi. On the right bank of the stream, not far from the mouth of the Des Moines River, they saw many human footprints leading out to a well-beaten path, which led away across the prairie. Charmed with the beautiful region thereabout, Marquette and Joliet went ashore, leaving the others with the canoes. They bravely followed the path some five or six miles, until they came within sight of an Indian village. Then they paused and shouted. Instantly the whole town was in an uproar. Braves and

*Sabin: "The Making of Iowa".

squaws hurried from their tents, and papposes fairly tumbled over one another in their excitement.

Four chiefs at once came forward to meet them. They proved to be of the Illini,* or Illinois tribe, as the French wrote it, and spoke in Algonquin, the tongue of their fathers. They offered great calumets or peace pipes, gayly decorated with feathers. After all had smoked in dignified silence, the guests were taken with great ceremony to the village chief. He stood in his tent door, pretending to shade his eyes from the sun, and welcomed them gracefully, saying: "Frenchmen, how bright the sun shines when you come to visit us! All our village awaits, and you shall enter our wigwams in peace."

So the explorers entered the village and were feasted and made much of. Longfellow fancifully pictures this scene in the "Song of Hiawatha:"¹

From the farthest realms of morning
Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale face,
With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,

* * *

Cried aloud and spake in this wise:
"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you.

*The word Illini means "men." By styling themselves Illini this tribe meant to say that they were very brave and superior to all other people. *

Never bloomed the earth so gayly,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As today they shine and blossom
When you come so far to see us!

* * *

And the Black-Robe chief made answer,
Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!"

Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
And the careful old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of basswood,
Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.
All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,

* * *

Came to bid the strangers welcome;
"It is well," they said, "O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"

The next morning the guests set forth upon their journey accompanied by the great chief and six hundred of his men in canoes. Neither Marquette nor Joliet ever returned, and more than a hundred years passed before white men thought of making Iowa their home.

In the meantime, Indian fought Indian, and stamped their impress here and there in legends and tradition so

deeply that the storms of Time can never wash them away. Countless cities, towns, and rivers owe their names to the Red men who were closely associated with them in early days. Some of them have their origin struck deep in romance. The old town of Quasqueton (Kausketon), on the banks of the fair Wapsipinicon in Buchanan County, where the writer was born, has spread upon its records a pretty tale of Indian truth and faithfulness which concerns the naming of the river

Kausketon was once an Indian village of importance, and here dwelt one of the great chiefs of the Sacs, Good Heart, and his fair young daughter Wapsie. One day a small party of young warriors were surprised and slain by a wandering band of Dakotas in the woods beyond the town. Owing to a pestilence which had raged some time before, there were not enough able-bodied men left in the village to avenge them. So Chief Good Heart sent away to the North to his friends the Foxes for aid. They came at once, and with them was young Pinicon, a noble young brave, son of the Chief of the Foxes. He tarried in the lodge of Good Heart long after his warriors had accomplished their mission and returned home; for he had lost his heart to the beautiful dusky Princess Wapsie.

Finally the eve of the marriage day came and Wapsie and Pinicon went out upon the river for a pleasant little sail. Most beautiful is this river and they drifted along slowly, amid the cool shadows and delightful surroundings, listening to the merry evening songs of the birds, and talking in low fitful voices of their happiness. Suddenly, through the peaceful beauty of the falling night, an arrow, from the hand of a jealous young warrior of the Sacs, twanged sharply, striking young Pinicon full in the heart. He threw up his arms and fell foremost into the stream. For a moment Wapsie sat in

stupor. Then, as the body of her lover came to the surface, she gave one wild, despairing cry and leaped to join him. No one ever saw either again. But from that time the waters rippled more swiftly and they seemed to whisper about the great rock where the tragedy occurred, "Wapsie! Wapsie! Pinicon! Pinicon!" And so the river came finally to be known far and wide as "The Wapsipinicon."

Many Iowa counties bear names which stand as monuments to Indian chiefs, both good and bad: Black Hawk County recalls the memory of the great warrior leader of the Sacs and Foxes. While he opposed the sale of lands to the whites, and was the chief spirit in the struggle known as the Black Hawk War, he was honest in his motives, and may be considered a good Indian. "He never drank liquor, and tried to prevent the whites from supplying it to other Indians. He had only one wife, and dearly loved his family. He was not cruel, and practised none of the tortures of which savages are fond.*"

Keokuk County and the city of that name represent Black Hawk's rival, the great chief Keokuk, the "man of peace." Like the watchful fox for whom he was named, he was very shrewd and quick-witted. He thought it folly to try to fight the whites when they wished to become settlers, and he made his braves think so too. He was not a chief by birth, but he gained a high position on account of his cunning and his power as an orator. In one of the treaties which he signed his name is spelled Keeokuk, and after it is written "he who has been everywhere." The government set him above Black Hawk. But he was not so great an Indian as this noble chief. He had too many vices. He was fond of all sorts of shows, had three or four wives, a

*Sabin

number of fast horses, and loved whiskey better than any thing else. He died from the effects of drink.

Mahaska County preserves the memory of the famous Chief of the Iowas. He was a noble warrior and a wise man. His favorite wife Rant-che-wai-me, which means "flying pigeon," was much loved by her people. They called her the "beautiful-female-eagle-that-flies-in-the-air." The story is told that once Mahaska set out with a party of braves to visit the city of Washington. For some reason he tarried behind the others to cook himself some venison. As he stooped over the fire by the wayside something struck him in the back. He looked up quickly and there stood Rant-che-wai-me, with uplifted tomahawk. She demanded that Mahaska take her with him to the "American big house," so that she might see and shake the hand of In-co-ho-nee, "the American great father." He was glad to consent, and the two journeyed on happily together. At Washington the beautiful, dusky-eyed princess attracted a great deal of attention. But she did not like many of the ways of the pale-faces. She thought them wicked. On her return home she called the women of her lodge together and gave them a solemn talk and warning against ever trying to live as their white sisters did.

The counties of Winnebago, Cherokee, Chickasaw, Sac, Sioux, and Pottawattamie are named for well-known Indian tribes. Winneshiek County represents the great Chief of the Winnebagoes. Waukon County preserves the name of another distinguished Winnebago Chief, who was a great orator and a friend of the white men. Wapello County stands as a monument to the head Chief of the Foxes. The name means "he-who-is-painted white." He was a great orator and favored peace with the pale faces. Appanoose County owes its name to the warrior who ruled a certain band of Sacs.

His village was the site of the present city of Ottumwa. The story is told, in Sabin's "Making of Iowa," that once Appanoose visited Boston, and called upon the Governor of Massachusetts. In reply to a speech made by the governor, he said:

"As far as I can understand the language of the white people, it appears to me that the Americans have attained a very high rank among white people. It is the same with us, though I say it myself. Where we lived, beyond the Mississippi, I am respected by all people, and they consider me the tallest among them. I am happy that two great men meet and shake hands with each other." And he reached out and shook hands with the governor.

Iowa County, Iowa River, Iowa City, and the name of the State itself comes from a band of Dakotas who called themselves Ayouways (Iowa) or Dusty Noses. Their chief village was in the far northwest corner of Van Buren County, where the town of Iowaville now stands. They were brave and intelligent Indians, but aliens from their tribe because one of their chiefs was once treacherously slain along the Iowa River by a band of the Sioux or Dakotas. They were massacred by the Sacs and Foxes and ceased to be a part of history in 1823.

THE FIRST WHITE SETTLER

In the year 1788 a young Frenchman, by the name of Julien Dubuque, came down from Canada in search of adventure. He stopped at Prairie du Chien,* in Wisconsin, just above the mouth of the Wisconsin river, and started a trading post across the Mississippi, where the beautiful little city of McGregor now stands. The Foxes who came to trade with him had lead ore

* The name Prairie du Chien originally meant "dog prairie."

which they had dug from the ground in a region about sixty miles to the southward. Young Dubuque was interested in this. He saw a chance to win great riches, and made a bargain with three of the leading chiefs of the Sacs and Foxes for the right to work these lead mines.

With ten companions who were to aid him in the mines, he then moved down the river and settled in the camp of the Fox warrior, Chief Kettle, at the mouth of Catfish Creek, about two miles below where the present city of Dubuque now stands. Here he built a cabin, planted garden, set up a lead smelter, and otherwise made himself comfortable.

He soon became a great friend of the Indians. They called him "Little Cloud," and looked upon him as a magician and a big medicine man. He kept them in awe of him by performing several seeming miracles. On one occasion he greatly frightened the Foxes by setting the creek on fire. This was done by having his men secretly pour oil on the water above the village. It spread out in a thin coating on the surface, and blazed up with a great heat and splutter when he touched a match to it.

"Dubuque kept a rude general store, where he exchanged cloth and beads and whatever else he thought best, for furs and lead. Only the old men and the women did the mining, the braves considered it undignified to work. Mining was carried on in a very simple fashion. The Indians dug into the hills as far as they could, and bore away the ore in baskets."*

Twice each year Dubuque loaded his goods into boats and went down the river to the St. Louis market. He was always accompanied by a band of proud chiefs and braves in the gayest paints and feathers. And you may

* Sabin

be sure the flotilla attracted a great deal of attention! Dubuque himself was a small, wiry man, exceedingly gallant and polite when in the company of ladies. Society at St. Louis always welcomed him eagerly and gave balls in his honor. Great crowds assembled to greet the boats, when the rifles of the Indians announced their approach.

Dubuque died in 1810, a poor man, in spite of his rich lead mines and his wonderful opportunities for fur trading. The Indians buried him with every possible honor. Chiefs and warriors from all the country around gathered and escorted his remains to the grave, which had been made on a high bluff, two hundred feet above "the Great Father of Waters." Here the mightiest orators among the Red brethern spoke in his praise, and the women chanted mournful funeral songs. Later they sheltered the grave with a rude stone-walled, wooden-roofed tomb, marked with a cedar cross, which it is said that Dubuque himself made.

For many years the Sacs and Foxes firmly believed that Dubuque would return to them, and as long as it were possible to do so they visited his grave once a year. They would never allow any one else to work his mines.

OTHER EARLY SETTLERS

Shortly after Dubuque built his cabin, a friend by the name of Basil Gaillard, whom he had met at Prairie du Chien, came to be his neighbor. He obtained a tract* of 5,760 acres in what is now Clayton County, in and around the prosperous city of McGregor, and here he lived for many years among the wild scenes of this practically unknown country. He traded with the Indians and made frequent trips to St. Louis, much the same as

* The heirs of Gaillard sold this now princely property for the sum of \$300. Some records give the name Gaillard as Giard.

did his friend Dubuque. No doubt the two men of often exchanged visits, and had many interesting adventures together. But no record of this is left to history.

Far to the southward of Dubuque, on the present site of the town of Montrose in Lee County, another Frenchman settled in 1799. His name was Louis Honori. The title to his land, which he secured some years later from the governor of the Louisiana territory, is the oldest title to Iowa soil. Strangely enough, too, it is said to include the spot where Marquette and Joliet, the first white men to see Iowa soil, landed. Honori improved his land more than either of his "neighbors," but he failed as a trader and was forced to sell out and leave.

Another settler and trader who had much to do with the early history of the country was George Davenport. He was an Englishman, famous for his many adventures on sea and land. He made himself a home on Rock Island, not far from the city which now bears his name. Here he opened friendly relations with the Sacs, the Foxes, and the Winnepagoes, journeying by boat along many inland streams to trade with them. He had posts at Burlington, and along the Iowa, Maquoketa, and Wapsipinicon rivers. The Indians loved him, and after his death they used to visit his grave every year to hold a service in his memory.

Other French traders traveled here and there over the state. They made no attempt to till the soil, and generally left their claims in a few months time. Chief among these was the half-breed Le Claire. He was a famous scout, trapper, and trader. He spoke fourteen different Indian tongues, besides French and English, and was often employed as an interpreter. He had a hand in almost every important treaty made between the Indians and the whites within the borders of Iowa. He was one of the founders of Davenport and a good

business man. Chief Black Hawk and he were warm friends.

Many large eastern fur companies, who had headquarters at St. Louis, built cabins for trading posts here and there, along most of the principal streams, and stationed agents there to barter for furs and to supply the Indians with goods. Sometimes cabins grew up around the trading post and a town was begun. Then the trading post became the principal store where the settler could satisfy his wants. Here was to be found "molasses, hams, corn, Rio coffee, codfish, tobacco, soap, candles, whisky, brandy, gin, beer, wine, powder, shot, caps, gun wadding, indigo, glass, nails, etc."—a regular wonderland department store! From such posts rose the present cities of Ottumwa, Sioux City, Council Bluffs, Raccoon Forks (Des Moines), and others.

INDIAN TROUBLES

Perhaps you know something about the great tract of land which the United States bought from France, in 1803, at the cost of a little less than two and one-half cents per acre. It was called the Louisiana Purchase, and was larger in area than the whole of the United States had been before. If you will draw a heavy line down the Rocky Mountains, on any United States map, till you come to the northern boundary of Texas, follow it across to the Mississippi, thence up the river to the Canadian border and back across to the mountains, you will have the area which this purchase covered. (How many states and territories have since been carved out of it for the Union?)

Settlers flocked into the new country thick and fast, but for some reason they missed Iowa, midway up the eastern boundary. Illinois on the east and Missouri on the south were settled and admitted to the Union, while

Iowa's beautiful prairies and woodlands still belonged to the Red men and the fur traders. The few white settlers and half-breeds whose cabins surrounded the trading posts were there by permission of the Indians.

For a long time Iowa was not of enough importance to be included under any real government. Finally the United States began to send out agents to the trading posts to represent the government and to watch over and advise the Red men. Petty grievances could not be carried directly from the agents to Washington, so Iowa was jumbled in with the great territory of Indiana, which was then under the watchful eye of William Henry Harrison. Later it was shifted about for convenience to the government of Missouri Territory, thence to Michigan, then to Wisconsin, and finally, in 1838, it became known as Iowa Territory.* Wise and able Robert Lucas, of Ohio, was the first territorial governor. The first legislature met in the old Methodist church at Burlington.

Five years before her organization into a territory, Iowa had been opened for settlement in the "Black Hawk Purchase." This was a strip of land about fifty miles in width, extending along the Mississippi River almost the full length of the state. How the government got this land is a long story which leads backward over a trail of blood.

Shortly after the Louisiana Purchase, some of the Sac and Fox chiefs went down to St. Louis, as delegates to confer with the government, and while there signed a treaty giving up a large tract of land east of the Mississippi. They returned to their home at Saukenuk, a large Indian village at the angle of the Mississippi and Rock rivers, near where Rock Island city stands, and for

* Iowa Territory was made up of the present states of Iowa, Minnesota west of the Mississippi River, and the Dakotas east of the White Earth and Missouri rivers.

some days kept very quiet. They were ashamed of what they had done. They looked about at the beautiful maize fields rippling in the breeze, at the wood-clothed hills, at the green fruitful islands which dotted the rivers, and thought with sorrow of the vast hunting-ground, the game and the fish which would soon be theirs no longer. Then the secret leaked out.

Black Hawk and other big chiefs were very angry. They said that the delegates had no right to sign a treaty, and hinted that they had been made drunk and tricked into signing the papers. They said that the good spirit,* which dwelt in a cave under the rocks near Rock Island, would be angry with them for leaving the hunting-grounds and graves of their fathers, and that no good would come of it. They tried very hard to break the treaty, but Congress would not listen. She would never have thought of allowing her delegates to make a treaty without her having a chance to see it, but such a course was all right for Indians. She said, however, that the Red men need not give up their land until it was actually sold to settlers. They might roam where they pleased, so long as they were peaceable. This was some satisfaction to the Indians, and they made up their minds to make the best of the bad bargain.

But the government did not keep faith with them. In 1808 they sent a small body of soldiers to build a fort on the site where Fort Madison now stands. This was Indian land, entirely outside of the treaty. The Red men rose in bitter anger. The pale-faces had no rights of any kind west of the river, and they determined to drive them back. But the soldiers represented that they had not come to build a fort. They were only going to put up a fine trading post, where the red war-

*The Indians who were fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of this spirit said that it looked like a swan, with great beautiful wings of dazzling whiteness.

riors might obtain all the blankets and whisky they wanted. It was queer work for soldiers! And the Indians knew it. But they did not feel justified in attacking them in the face of such open friendliness. So they contented themselves with keeping the soldiers scared out of their wits most of the time.

It seems that Lieutenant Kingsley and his men arrived too late to get "the trading post" built before winter came on. They set up camp and built a high picket fence, or palisade, around it for protection. Then they went busily to work cutting timber and getting ready to build. The Indians used to come and climb up on old stumps or boxes, at all hours of the day and night, and peer frowningly over the palisades at the soldiers. No doubt many a trooper felt his heart grow numb within him as he caught sight of one of these grim watchers, and heartily wished himself safely back East! On one occasion, while the soldiers were cutting timber, with their muskets laid near by, Black Hawk and several other warriors, who lay hidden in the brush near, sneaked up and seized the guns. Then they gave a blood curdling yell. The soldiers tumbled over each other to reach their arms, but could not find them. Black Hawk and his men thought this a fine joke. They watched in silent glee for a time, then stalked out from their hiding places and grimly handed back the weapons.

So the winter passed. Spring came, and the fort and three block houses went up with a rush, and were enclosed behind a strong stockade.* Then the soldiers felt safer. But they did not get much comfort out of the situation even yet.

Soon word came that the Indians were planning to attack them. A pretty Sac maiden, who was in love

* The site where they stood was within a third of a mile from where the Fort Madison state penitentiary now is.

with one of the officers, overheard the plot and hastened to tell it to her sweetheart. She said that certain of the chiefs and braves were to call at the block-house, one by one, that evening as they were in the habit of doing. After they were safely inside, a crowd of warriors was to draw near and give a dance for the entertainment of the soldiers. They were to work their way close up to the stockade, when at a given signal, those inside were to throw open the doors, and the work of butchery was to begin.

Forewarned is forearmed. When the callers arrived they were welcomed heartily and put at ease. Soon the dancers appeared and whirled merrily toward the fort. The chief gave the signal agreed upon and the door of the nearest block-house flew open with promptness. But lo! instead of the bloody carnage which they expected to see, the warriors faced a cannon. It changed their plans in a hurry, and they melted swiftly out of sight. The surprised chiefs within were relieved of their weapons and allowed to depart. They did not know how the white chiefs learned the plot, and thought that there must be a magician among them who could read men's thoughts! After this they were more wary, but they did not give up the idea of finally driving the Americans from the field. Daily they thought up new methods with which to frighten them.

So matters progressed for three years. Lieutenant Kingsley was relieved of the command and left, rejoicing to get away with a whole scalp. Captain Clark, who followed him, had even a more serious time. Several whites were killed near the fort and the property of trappers and traders was destroyed. Then Lieutenant Hamilton succeeded to the command. The United States was now engaged in the war of 1812. They had little time to think of Fort Madison. The Indians knew this

and grew bolder and bolder. Finally a band of two hundred Sacs, Foxes, and Winnebagoes surrounded the fort and amused themselves by shooting fire arrows at the roof, burning the out-buildings, killing the stock, and rooting up the corn fields. Lieutenant Hamilton's situation was desperate. He sent for help to St. Louis, but he soon found that he could not wait for it to arrive. He must leave the fort if he wished to save their scalps. So a trench was secretly dug from the southeast block-house to the river. The soldiers crept through this on their hands and knees and thus got away to their boats on the river. The last man out fired the buildings, but the Indians did not discover the blaze until the garrison was far down the river. This was the end of old Fort Madison.

But it did not end the Indian troubles. Spurred on by this victory and the fiery speeches of Black Hawk and other chiefs who burned with the wrongs done them, the Indians took up the tomahawk in earnest. The struggle which followed was called the Black Hawk War. It ended by a total defeat of the tribes engaged in a battle at the mouth of the Bad Axe River, in Wisconsin. Black Hawk was captured through the treachery of some Winnebagoes, and taken to Prairie du Chien. From here he was conveyed to Jefferson Barracks, at St. Louis. Young Lieut. Jefferson Davis, afterward President of the Southern Confederacy, had him in charge. He was in prison a long time. Then the authorities had him taken on a long tour through the East to show him how powerful the United States was. After this, worn out and broken in spirit by his failure and the fact that his rival, Keokuk, had been set above him by the government, he returned to Lee County and built a cabin for himself and family on Devil's Creek. But he was not contented here, and soon followed his friends to their

new quarters along the Des Moines river. He built a home about 100 feet from the north bank of the river, near Iowaville, close to the spring which is now identified as Black Hawk's spring. Here he passed the remainder of his life in peace and quiet happiness with his family. He was a great lover of Nature, and Black Hawk's Watch Tower is the name borne by the lofty summit overlooking the Rock River where he used to sit smoking and gazing out over the country for hours at a time.

Black Hawk's tribe was scattered to the four winds. Most of the braves passed beyond to the "happy hunting grounds." The United States took the land which had been theirs. This was the "Black Hawk Purchase." In payment they provided the widows and children of the braves with cattle, salt, pork, flour, and corn; took up the debt of forty thousand dollars which these people owed to the Indian traders, Davenport and Farnham; and agreed to distribute twenty thousand dollars among the tribe each year for the next thirty years.

After the opening of the Black Hawk Purchase, it was only a few years until the Indians lost their foothold in the state which they loved so well. The last treaty was signed at Agency City, six miles east of the present site of Ottumwa. Sabin has the following to say about it:

"John Chambers, governor of Iowa Territory, conducted the matter for the government. The governor was attired in the showy uniform of a brigadier general of the United States army, so that the Indians, who loved display, might be impressed. He and his aides were on a platform, elevated slightly, at one end of the tent. In front of the platform was a row of seats for the chiefs. Between the governor's party and the chiefs stood the interpreter. The Indians wore their best. Each had a new blanket, purchased at the agency store, and paint, feathers and beads added to the array of

colors. Leggings were of white deerskin. Bracelets on wrists and rings in ears jingled when the savages moved. As a mark of dignity the chiefs bore elaborately decorated war clubs. The Indians talked, and the governor talked. The words of each speaker were translated that all might understand. The Indian orators spoke of the beautiful meadows, the running streams, the sycamore and walnut trees, and all other dear things they were called on to deliver over to the white man. They told of moon and stars, wind and rain and sun, better than any other country afforded. They asserted no land was so attractive as Iowa."

Shortly afterward the Indians made ready to leave for hunting grounds farther west. They were sore at heart. The winter just passed had been a hard one. The medicine men said that it was because Manitou was angry with them for selling the land of their fathers. They held a number of solemn ceremonies to appease the Spirit and to bid farewell to the graves of their dead. Then they mounted their half-starved ponies and turned with tear-filled eyes for a last look at their once happy home. Imagine the sad band filing away across the prairie with heavy hearts, and bowed heads hidden in their blankets!* One can not help a throb of pity for them, even when we know that they were happier in their new homes than they would have been had they remained. For the country was settling rapidly and the ways of the white men were not their ways. The two nations could not live in the same land; the weaker was forced to yield to the stronger, according to the custom since Time began.

*There are left in the Tama Indian Reservation, along the Iowa River in Tama County, about 400 Indians. These are descendants from the Sacs and Foxes who refused to join in Black Hawk's war. They are called Musquakies, a name meaning "deserters" Some 2000 acres of land are held in trust for them by the government.

SPEECH OF WAUKON

The following speech of the great Winnebago chief, to an officer who sought to buy land of him, is a sample of Indian oratory, and shows the position taken by those high-minded chiefs :

“Brother, you say our Great Father sent you to us to buy our country. “We do not know what to think of our Great Father’s sending to us so often buy our country. He seems to think so much of land that he must be always looking down to the earth.

“Brother, you say you have seen many Indians, but you have never seen one yet who owns the land. The land all belongs to the Great Spirit. He made it. He owns it all. It is not the red man’s to sell.

“Brother, the Great Spirit hears us now. He always hears us. He heard us when our Great Father told us if we would sell him our country on the Wisconsin, he would never ask us to sell him another country. We brought our council fires to the Mississippi. We came across the great river, and built our lodges on the Turkey and the Cedar. We have been here but a few days; and you ask us to move again. We supposed our Father pitied his children; but he cannot, or he would not wish so often to take our land from us.

“You ask me, Brother, where the Indians are gone who crossed the Mississippi a few years ago. You know and we know where they are gone. They are gone to the country where the white man can no more interfere with them. Wait, Brother, but a few years longer, and this little remnant will be gone too;—gone to the Indians’ home behind the clouds, and then you can have our country without buying it.

“Brother, we do not know how you estimate the value of land. When you bought our land before, we do not think we got its-value.

“Brother, I have spoken to you for my nation. We do not wish to sell our country. We have but one opinion. We never change it.”

—From *Salter's "Iowa: the First Free State in the Louisiana Purchase."*

IOWA PIONEERS

When the tide of immigration finally set in toward Iowa, the state was peopled as if by magic. The papers of 1854 were filled with long accounts of the vast crowds which filed in from the east and south. “The roads were thronged with teams, and the groves and woodlands and prairies were alive with figures, and white with tents and canvas-topped wagons. Ferries over the Mississippi, were busy day and night conveying the pioneers from Illinois to Iowa.* * * * Oskaloosa reports that at least a thousand persons pass through every week, bound westward. Three hundred buildings go up in a season at Davenport. Seven hundred immigrants a day travel over the Burlington highway. It is estimated that in thirty days 20,000 traverse the vicinity of Burlington. The boats on the Ohio and Mississippi are packed. Six hundred persons go through St. Louis by river in a day. The trains that pull into Chicago with passengers for the Mississippi, are double headers. In six days twelve thousand passengers from the East arrive in Chicago destined for Iowa and the West.”*

And never was there a hardier, braver, more intelligent and enterprising class of people! The million and a half of citizen which today make up our commonwealth give little thought to the privations and hardships which their forefathers endured in making the state, in every sense of the word, true to its name—“the beautiful land.” Let us take, for one moment, a backward peep:

*Sabin's “The Making of Iowa”

In the first place there were no roads. The settlers drove their creaking, canvas-topped "Prairie Mayflowers" here and there, making their own highways and byways, across the prairies and through the woods, fording the creeks and streams, and occasionally miring down in some slough or spongy stretch of faintly outlined trail. When a spot which satisfied their ideas of home was reached the claim was paced off and marked by stakes and blazed tree trunks. Then the work of building the cabin was begun. If haste was necessary, sometimes a rude three-faced shelter was put up. This consisted of three walls, about seven feet high, made by laying one log upon another. It was roofed with poles, covered with boards split from logs, or with a thatch of prairie grass. The open side served for both windows and door, and here a roaring fire burned in chilly weather.

The cabin took a little longer in the making, though it, too, was put together without nails. The spaces between the logs were chinked with small sticks and daubed plentifully outside and inside with clay. A great fireplace of logs, covered with clay, earth, and stones took up the most of one side. The windows were mere shutters, hung on wooden hinges. The door also had wooden hinges, and was kept closed by a wooden latch. A buckskin string was fastened to the catch and passed outside through a hole. When "the latch string was out," the catch could easily be opened. And it was nearly always out, for the early settlers had no need to lock their doors, unless in times when an Indian scare was raised. These were very few, as most of the Indians had drifted farther West before the settlers came in.*

*In 1852, thirty-two people were massacred by the Sioux near Spirit Lake in Northwestern Iowa. It is the one bloody stain between the settlers and the Indians.

The furnishings of the cabin were very simple. There were no rugs or carpets. Indeed there was seldom anything but a dirt floor. There was one or more "one-legged beds," made by driving a stake in the ground about three or four feet from the wall and six or seven feet from one end of the cabin. Poles extended from the stake to the walls, thus furnishing the framework of the bed. On these were laid strips of boards, spread with boughs, leaves and sweet-smelling grasses, and covered with blankets and skins. There was a rude home-made table, some boxes, and square-sawed stumps for stools. Sometimes there was a splint-bottomed rocker and a loom. Table dishes and cooking utensils were very few. The fireplace served for a stove. Corn meal was the principal food. Honey was plentiful and there was game and fish for every one. The boy of the family was expected to furnish the last-named articles, and great fun it was too.

The first crop was planted with a great deal of labor. If the land was timber, the trees had to be cut, the brush piled and burned, and the land plowed among the stumps—a job which required no end of patience from both man and beast. Prairie land was often so tough and grass-bound that it could not be plowed with the poor tools at the settler's command. He frequently planted his corn by chopping out clefts in the ground with an axe. The roots of the growing corn undermined and loosened the soil and it could then be easily plowed with the ox teams, providing the settler knew how to manage these awkward and often unruly animals. Usually several yoke of oxen were harnessed together in a string. A "blacksnake," sometimes thirty feet in length, was needed to guide them, and it took considerable skill to manage this great whip. If you ever tried to crack a blacksnake you will know something

about this. The green driver's first attempt usually ended in winding the long lash about the neck of one of the surprised, rebellious oxen. Sabin says that "The boy who from the plow could cut a fly from the neck of the 'off leader' was looked upon with much respect."

When the corn was gathered, some of it had to be ground into meal. This was done in the very early days by a "mortar and pestle." Usually the mortar was nothing more than a carefully made hollow in the top of a stump. The pestle was a heavy, rounded, wooden sledge, or hammer, which was used to pound and crush the corn. Soon mills sprung up here and there and the settler hauled his corn to them in the slow going ox cart. Sometimes they were so far away that the trip took two or three days and was attended with all sorts of dangers. When the writer was a little girl one of her favorite stories was grandmother's tale of how "Neighbor Uncle Johnny Newell once went to mill." He had a trying time, over hill and dale and through the woods. The cart mired down at the edge of a muddy creek, later it upset on a treacherous hillside, and finally, on the homeward trip, a hungry panther followed him miles and miles! I remember even yet the thrill which the imitation of the panther's screams caused, as they came nearer and nearer, and how relieved I felt when "Uncle Johnny" providentially thought of spilling a little pile of meal and sprinkling it with snuff. I heard with delight that panther's enraged coughs, snorts, and sneezes, and saw Buck and Duke, stagger wildly, with long panting breaths and red sides heaving, down the last hill, through the last creek, and into a neighbor's yard where a gun was to be found.

Wolves, panthers, and catamounts preyed upon the settler's stock; the Indians stole his horses; and prairie fires burned his buildings and destroyed his crops.

Winters were long and cold. Wind storms and heavy rainfalls did much damage in the summer. Added to this was the fever and ague, commonly known as "the shakes," caused by the decomposition of the freshly turned soil all about. Mails were few and far between. Sometimes the postage on a single letter was twenty-five cents. This was paid when the letter* was taken from the office. Sometimes if the settler was hard up, the good-natured storekeeper, who acted as postmaster, would hand over the letter and trust him until he could get the money. Of course, in those days, no one wrote letters unless they were absolutely necessary. Money was too hard to get. Markets were few and far away. Settlers hauled wheat one hundred miles and then got but $37\frac{1}{2}$ c a bushel, corn and oats sold for 8 and 10 cents per bushel, and the finest horses brought only \$50.

Every cloud has its silver lining, and so, among the perils and hardships of the settlers, there were threads of fun and royal good times. House-raising, quiltings, husking-bees, apple-parings, wood-choppings, turkey-shooting, races, dancing, etc., filled many a happy hour. Besides, "What splendid hunting and fishing the Iowa pioneers had!" The waters and hills and prairies were swarming with game. Buffalo did not survive the advent of the settler, but the elk, deer and bear, the wild turkey, the prairie chicken and the quail were shot in great numbers."

IOWA AS A STATE

Iowa became a state December 28, 1846. She was the twenty-ninth state to enter the Union, and the fourth state carved from the Louisiana Purchase. Ansel Briggs was the first governor. The capitol building was then

* There were no envelopes. The letter was folded inside a blank paper, addressed, and sealed with a wafer of sealing wax.

located at Iowa City, but in obedience to the feeling that the seat of government should be nearer the center of the state, it was changed to Des Moines in 1857.*

Iowa came into the Union as a free state. But slavery was a burning issue for years before the Civil War. Many of the settlers came from the South. A few of these had owned slaves, and all had lived in a community where slavery was the natural order of things. They had no sympathy for escaped slaves, and looked upon the Abolitionists as "Nigger Stealers." When the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, compelling all citizens to aid in the capture of runaway slaves, these people were very willing to help. So an "Underground Railway" was formed by the negro sympathizers for the purpose of passing the blacks on to Canada. But it was a "railway" only in name, and "underground" really meant underhand, inasmuch as the route was kept very secret, the trips being mostly made at night. It ran from Tabor, in the southwestern part of the state, not far from the Missouri border-line, through Des Moines, Grinnell, Iowa City, West Liberty, and Low Moor, reaching the Mississippi at Clinton. Here the negroes were taken across the river in skiffs, passed by wagon to Union Grove, Illinois, and at length arrived on the shores of Lake Michigan, where transportation into Canada was furnished. Harboring slaves was desperate business, and only the bravest, most resolute men dared engage in it. Many of these were the liberty-loving Quakers, who came to Iowa in great numbers from Pennsylvania.

* The state effects were moved across country in bobsleds drawn by oxen. "The capitol building was in the midst of heavy woods, with squirrels, quail and grouse abundant. Along Four Mile Creek, to the east, were wild turkeys, and an occasional elk and deer. There were no sidewalks near the capitol. Hazel brush was dense. Not far off was a pond containing muskrats. The only bridge across the river was a pontoon structure."

—Sabin *"The Making of Iowa."*

When the Civil War came, Iowa, spurred on by the efforts of patriotic Governor Kirkwood,¹ sent nearly 80,000 men to help the cause. No soldiers were braver, none rose higher in the public eye, but we have not space for their deeds here. Aside from invasions by wandering bands of guerrillas² and the murders committed by the Copperheads,³ the tide of war touched Iowa but once. This was in the skirmish at Athens, some twenty miles north of Keokuk, where a number of lives were lost.

“Tempered and welded by the flame of battle,” Iowa emerged from the war to forge well among the front ranks of her sister states. Nothing shows her progress better, perhaps, than her magnificent, \$3,000,000 capitol building, of which all her citizens are justly proud. She is one of the leading agricultural states. No other state in the Union has so large a number of acres in farms, and nowhere in the world are there finer herds of stock. She stands next to the top in the literacy of her people. More than \$9,000,000 are used annually to keep up her public schools. The school buildings themselves are valued at more than eighteen million dollars. She has three state institutions for higher education, and there are colleges, business schools, academies, and public libraries without number. There is also a large list of benevolent and reformatory institutions. The well-ordered cities and towns speak highly for the morality and intelligence of her people. Her pulse beats high with hope for the future. She sits enthroned a “Prairie Queen :

1. The story is told that Kirkwood went to Washington to see President Lincoln. “Well, Governor,” said Lincoln, with his genial smile, what can I do for Iowa?” I have not come to see what *you* can do for Iowa,” answered Kirkwood quickly, “but what *Iowa* can do for you.”

2. Guerilla—Wandering bands carrying on irregular warfare.

3. Copperhead—Confederate sympathizers.

THE STORY OF IOWA

“Her hands are strong, her fame secure,
Her praise on lips whose praise is dear,
Her heart and hope and purpose pure,
And God in all her landscapes near.

“Aye, splendid in her ample lap,
Are annual harvests heaped sublime;
Earth bears not, on her proudest map,
A fatter soil, a fairer clime.

How sing her billowy seas of grain!
How laugh her fruits on vine and tree!
How glad her homes, in Plenty's reign,
Where Love is Lord and Worship free!”
—*Horatio N. Powers.*

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